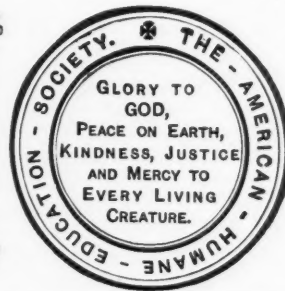


# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 26.

Boston, October, 1893.

No. 5.



READING "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

By courtesy of Stevens & Morris, Photo-Engravers, 20 College Place, New York.

## EXCEPT THE MAYOR AND RUSSELL SAGE.

We have read or heard this story: A traveller, stopping in a little European town over night, was terribly fleeced by the landlord, and in his indignation declared his belief that the whole town was a town of thieves. It seems there was an ordinance which required that any person who spoke ill of the people of the town should *always except the mayor*.

Under this ordinance the landlord brought the traveller before the mayor, who fined him.

The traveller paid the fine, then turning to the landlord said: "You are the greatest scoundrel I ever met in my life, except (bowing to his honor) *except the mayor*."

We are reminded of this story by seeing in a recent paper that *Russell Sage*, a many millionaire of New York, refuses to pay a dollar to the young man who saved his life—almost losing his own—by standing between him and the dynamite bomb which was intended to end his speculations in the New York stock market.

We know that newspaper stories are not always true, and we hope for the credit of humanity that this one may not be, and if we have done any wrong to *Russell Sage* by repeating it, shall be most happy to publish his denial, and send it in a marked copy of "Our Dumb Animals," to every newspaper and magazine in North America, north of Mexico.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

In the above article on *Russell Sage*, we say that we know that newspaper stories are not always true.

An Indian, in the early history of one of our western Mass. towns, told the landlord of the hotel that he had shot a deer up

on the mountain, and if he would give him a bottle of rum he might have it. He described the field, and the tree in the field, under which the landlord would find the deer. The landlord gave him the rum, harnessed up, and went up the mountain. He found the field and the tree, but did not find the deer.

Sometime after, the Indian came again to the village, and the landlord seized him and charged him with the fraud.

"Didn't you find the field?" said the Indian. "Yes." "And didn't you find the tree?" "Yes." "But you didn't find the deer?" "No."

"Well, that's two truths to one lie, and that's pretty good for an Indian."

In reading some of the newspaper reports in our dailies, we have been often reminded of this story.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### PERFUNCTORY—A HINT TO CLERGYMEN.

Some years ago we were invited by the evangelist, D. L. Moody, to take a seat in his carriage for a drive around Northfield, and in the course of the conversation, he said:

"What a pity, Mr. Angell, that I could not have had, as you did, a college education!"

Our reply was: "If you had received a college education, the chances are you would never have had a tenth part of the influence you now have. You would have gotten your head full of long dictionary words of Greek and Latin derivation and talked to your audience in a language which nine-tenths of them could not understand."

This incident is brought to mind by the prayer and sermon in a country church we have just listened to.

In the prayer the clergyman asked the Lord to enable us to do our duties not in a *perfunctory* manner.

In the sermon he spoke of *ethics and economics; encyclopedic man, speculative orthodoxy, psychology, isosceles triangle, unifying force from the great Universal Self, elaborate scheme of social organization, Antinous and Apollo, complex realism, sociological expansion, and the old skeleton of a defunct philosophy, etc., etc.*—all of which, while doubtless intelligent to the Lord, was an unknown language to nine-tenths of the congregation.

We contrasted it with the plain talk of Christ and the Apostles, "*Christ and Him Crucified*," "*Our Father who art in Heaven*," and we wondered what headway Governor Robinson would have made in the Lizzie Borden murder trial if he had talked to that jury as this educated clergyman talked to his *no more intelligent congregation*.

We do not presume to tell clergymen how to preach the gospel, but as our paper goes to every clergyman in the State, we think there can be no harm in telling them how this matter strikes us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### A DEACON JONES IN EVERY CHURCH.

At a meeting of clergymen some time since, a young brother informed an older one that he was about to hand in his resignation as pastor of his church, though everything else was entirely satisfactory, except that he had an old Deacon Jones who tormented him almost to death.

The other clergyman replied, "Brother, I am a good deal older than you, and familiar with a good many churches. I think you had better stay where you are, for I am sure you will find old Deacon Jones in every church you go to."

Let your prayers take the form of gratitude for blessings received rather than supplication for blessings desired.

### TO EDITORS.

We particularly wish to call the attention of all the editors of the about ten thousand American newspapers and magazines who will receive this paper to the \$1000 offer of our "*American Humane Education Society*," and the letter now being sent to the presidents of all American universities and colleges. [See page 54.]

### OUR PRIZE OFFER OF \$1000 TO AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

We are very glad to see that our plan of offering the above-named prize to the first leading American university or college which shall establish a professorship of Social Science and Humanity is receiving favorable comments from the American press.

### OUR ARTICLE ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

We are much gratified to find our article on the Labor Question which appeared in August "*Our Dumb Animals*" reproduced with approving comments in many newspapers published in different parts of the country.

### 2000 SPANISH NEWSPAPERS.

We have made arrangements to obtain a list of about 2000 Spanish newspapers, to whom our "*American Humane Education Society*" proposes to send our Spanish edition of "*Black Beauty*."

### THE YELLOW FEVER AT BRUNSWICK, GA.

The painful accounts in Boston papers of the yellow fever at Brunswick, and of the condition of the people there confined in the city by a shotgun quarantine, and the fear felt in Savannah and other Southern towns, lead me to say that the Hon. Casey Young, member of Congress from Memphis, Tenn., told me some years ago at Washington that when the pestilence did its fearful work in Memphis, he and many others escaped by the simple device of constantly wearing powdered sulphur in their stockings; that on one occasion he urged a large number of gentlemen assembled in his offices to adopt this plan, and that every man who acted upon his advice escaped yellow fever, while others who did not died with the disease. To the above I will also add that an eminent German physician in his medical book, which has been translated into English, declares that no case can be found where any man wearing sulphur constantly in his stockings, and complying with the ordinary rules of health, has had the cholera. I will also add that at the time when the gripe was raging in Boston, I caused inquiry to be made at Byam's match factory, and found that of all the persons employed in that establishment working in sulphur, not one had had the gripe.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### THE JUDGMENT DAY.

If "*the cattle on a thousand hills are God's*"—and if, as the sacred books of all ages and nations teach, and the common sense of mankind believes there ought to be, must be, and is a judgment day when we must answer for deeds done in the body, we would rather stand on that day in the place of "*the beggar named Lazarus*," than in that of the rich man who has shown in this life no mercy to God's dumb creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in exchanging them."

"Make life a ministry of love and it will always be worth living."

### VIVISECTION.

#### A FRIEND WANTS TO KNOW.

A good friend wants to know precisely where we stand in regard to vivisection.

We cheerfully answer.

The Anti-Vivisection Societies are undoubtedly striving to promote the kinder treatment of dumb animals, and to protect them from cruelty.

We may sometimes think their plans injudicious, and not the best calculated to accomplish the desired result.

We may think the great work of humane education is infinitely larger and more important, inasmuch as it strikes right at the roots of every form of cruelty.

We may think there is a thousand times more suffering to animals in slaughter-houses, cattle transportation, the treatment of horses and other domestic animals, the killing and wounding of birds and other harmless wild creatures, the seal and other fisheries, the starvation and freezing of cattle on the plains, etc., etc., than there is in vivisection.

But while we may think the work to which we are at present particularly devoted, and which demands all our ability and thought, is infinitely greater, wider, and more important than that of the Anti-Vivisection Societies, still we recognize the fact that there is work for them to do.

We consider them as constituting one part of the great army of humanity, not the most important, but nevertheless important, and with kind wishes, shall always rejoice at every success they may obtain, with or without our aid, in the prevention of any form of suffering.

In regard to our own personal connection with the subject, we would add that while our "*American Humane Education Society*" has formed and caused to be formed nearly seventeen thousand "*Bands of Mercy*" and printed in a single year over one hundred millions of pages of general humane literature, we have also

(1) Caused all vivisection experiments to be stricken out of our temperance school books.

(2) Paid \$500 in prizes for best essays on the subject—caused them to be bound together and sent them to all physicians in Massachusetts, and widely throughout the country.

(3) Offered a prize of \$100 for the best practical plans of limiting vivisection, and sent the results obtained to thousands of physicians and the editors of nearly ten thousand American newspapers and magazines.

For over a quarter of a century, we have in a multitude of lectures and addresses, as far South as New Orleans, and as far West as Dakota, called attention to the subject.

In December, 1868, long before some of our enthusiastic anti-vivisection workers were born, we published in "*Our Dumb Animals*" one of the first articles on the subject ever published in this country, and were severely attacked for doing it.

In our personal experience we have often realized the truth of the following lines by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—

#### "THE WORLD."

"If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,

For awhile it will scourge and score you;  
Then, coming abreast with a skillful tack,  
It will clasp your hand and slap your back,  
And vow it was there before you."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### FLORIDA.

We have received a kind letter from Mrs. Eben Hunt of Waldo, Florida, in which she speaks of the thermometer standing at 90°, and horses hitched about the church on Sunday without any protection from the sun. The good lady, after Sunday School, told her clergyman that she was going to attend another church, where the horses were more kindly treated. The result was that sheds were at once erected for the horses.

What this Christian woman did other Christian women can do.

Bulldogs and paragraphers don't say much; but their short bark hits harder than a sermon.—*Truth*.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over nine hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge. The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



Costs Five Cents.



Coin Silver Badge.  
Costs Thirty Cents.



HELEN E. SHEPHERD, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., AND THREE OF HER "BAND OF MERCY" BOYS.

## THE FALLING OF THRONES.

Above the din of commerce, above the clamor and rattle

Of Labor disputing with Riches, of Anarchists' threats and groans,

Above the hurry and bustle and moan of that bloodless battle,

Where men are fighting for dollars, I hear the falling of thrones.

I see no savage host, I hear no martial drumming, But down in the dust at our feet lie the useless crowns of kings;

And the mighty spirit of Progress is steadily coming, coming;

And the flag of our Republic abroad to the world he flings.

The Universal Republic, where worth and birth are royal,

Where the lowliest born may climb on a self-made ladder to fame;

Where the highest and proudest born, if he be not true and loyal,

Shall find no masking title to cover or gild his shame.

Not with the bellow of guns, and not with sabres' whetting, But with growing minds of men, is waged this swordless fray,

While over the dim horizon the sun of royalty, setting,

Lights with a dying splendor the humble toiler's way.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## GOOD PREACHING.

A young man who went out from England to Australia as a gold digger made some money, and finally established a rough shop at a place called "The Ovens," a noted gold-field about two hundred miles from Melbourne. Then he wrote home asking his parents to come out to him, and to bring with them if possible a lark.

The father died on the voyage, but the old mother and the lark arrived safely in Melbourne, and were sent out to the store at "The Ovens."

The next morning the lark was hung outside the rough hut, and at once began to sing. The effect was wonderful. Sturdy diggers paused in their work to listen; many curses from drunken lips were silenced by the little singer in his cage. Far and near the news of the "real English skylark up at Wilsted's store" spread like lightning among the diggers.

When Sunday morning came, there was a sight such as had not been seen since the first spadeful of the golden earth was turned. From every quarter, from hills and creeks twenty miles away, came a stream of rough, brawny Englishmen, brushed and washed, to look as decent as possible. There had been no prearrangement, as was plain from the half-ashamed expression on every man's face as he saw his acquaintance.

But they had all come on the same errand—to hear the lark.

They were not disappointed, for the little minister plumed on his crest, and lifting up his voice sang them a sermon from his cage which touched the heart of every man in his congregation. After an hour's steady preaching the lark ceased, and his audience, which had been absolutely quiet and attentive during the sermon, slowly dispersed and departed.

"I say, Joe," one digger was overheard asking, "do you think he would sell him—the bird, you know? I'll give as much gold-dust for him as he weighs, and think him cheap."

"Sell him! Not he!" was the answer with great indignation.

## DANIEL O'CONNELL AND HORACE GREELEY.

In our September paper we told how the famous Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, saved the bank of Dublin from falling. In reading it again, we are reminded of another funny story about him.

He had been greatly annoyed by numerous letters requesting his autograph, and when his patience was worn out replied to one as follows:

"Your request is impertinent and annoying. I will not give you my autograph;" and then he signed it

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The above reminds us of a request sent to Horace Greeley, as follows: "It occurs to me that in your extensive correspondence you may have an autograph signature of the late lamented Edgar A. Poe. If you have and do not care to retain it, I should be very much obliged," &c., &c.

To which Mr. Greeley replied as follows: "In my extensive correspondence I have never happened to have but one autograph of the late lamented Edgar A. Poe. It cost me \$25 and I shall be glad to sell it for one-tenth part of that sum."

We need not add that it was Poe's promissory note for money borrowed.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1893.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper, for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and forty-eight new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of sixteen thousand eight hundred and forty-seven.

## MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

## BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

## "BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

## 50,000 CANVASSERS FOR "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

In September "Our Dumb Animals" we stated that we had secured a circulation of about one million and a half copies of "Black Beauty," and that we wanted now to obtain a million subscribers for "Our Dumb Animals."

To do this we would be glad to have at once fifty thousand boys and girls or older persons act as canvassers—each canvasser to retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription. Thus for four subscriptions the canvasser will retain for him or herself \$1—for twenty, \$5—for two hundred, \$50—for two thousand, \$500.

On reception of the names and post-office addresses of subscribers and the one-half subscriptions we will send the papers postpaid for one year.

Here is a chance for thousands of boys and girls and older persons to get money themselves and do a grand work for humanity.

We want each clergyman, physician, lawyer, school superintendent, postmaster and editor in Massachusetts, all of whom receive our paper every month and know how it has won the praise of good and humane people throughout the country, to arrange with some boy, girl, or older person to canvass for it.

We want the editors of about twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines, including all in North America north of Mexico who receive our paper, and all of our nearly seventeen thousand Bands of Mercy in every state and territory to do the same thing.

In this way we can easily raise the subscription list of "Our Dumb Animals" to one million.

We shall not make personally a single dollar from all these subscribers, because the paper will cost us all that we get from it, and perhaps more.

But we want to put it not only into every city and town in the country, but also into every school, and we want to do it now, at the earliest possible moment. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## TWO OF OUR BEAUTIFUL NEW PRIZE STORIES. SEQUELS TO "BLACK BEAUTY."

We are happy to inform our readers that from the first day of October we have ready for delivery two of our "American Humane Education Society's" prize stories, for which we hope as wide a circulation as we have obtained for "Black Beauty."

The titles are "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst—A Story of Massachusetts," and "The Strike at Shanc's—A Story of Indiana." It will require some weeks to carry out our plans for putting these books into general and wide circulation, but those who would like to see advance copies can send us by postage stamps or otherwise ten cents for one or twenty cents for both.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR BOUND VOLUMES IN MOUNTAIN AND SEASHORE HOTELS.

As our readers know, we have supplied the past season a very large proportion of the principal mountain and seashore hotels of our country with bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals." The result has been so satisfactory in this as in former years, that we propose to keep up the practice every year as long as we live.

## Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in August.

Whole number dealt with, 235; animals taken from work, 39; horses and other animals killed, 33.

Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: George T. Angell, Mrs. William Appleton, Dr. D. D. Slade, Russell Sturgis, William H. Baldwin, G. J. F. Bryant, Patrick Donahoe, Miss Florence Lyman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Hon. Daniel Needham, Hon. Henry B. Hill, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Miss Alice Russell, Miss Veronica Dwight, Miss E. L. Slade, Benjamin F. Ware, David Nevins, Charles F. Donnelly, Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Hon. Henry O. Houghton, Laban Pratt, Albert A. H. Meredith, Hon. J. J. H. Gregory, J. Arthur Beebe, Hon. George White, Dr. Samuel W. Abbott.

Directors of the American Humane Education Society: George T. Angell, Hon. Henry O. Houghton, Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Hon. George White, Hon. Daniel Needham, Hon. Henry B. Hill, Mrs. William Appleton, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Miss Florence Lyman, Miss Sarah J. Eddy, Miss Veronica Dwight, Patrick Donahoe, Laban Pratt.

## 800 BLACK BEAUTIES.

We are glad to receive from Mr. Mat Hoke, of "The Nashville (Tenn.) Humane Society," an order for 800 copies of "Black Beauty," to be used by vote of "The School Board," as supplementary reading in the public schools of that city.

## FOR COOKING A RABBIT.

An old recipe for cooking a rabbit reads: first, "Catch the rabbit."

The great thing wanted in our humane work at present is not essays or compilations of statistics, but an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of cattle transportation—of slaughter-houses—of cattle on the plains—of the treatment of our horses and all our domestic animals—of the destruction of birds and other harmless wild creatures—of war, and of all the other great subjects in which there is need of humane education.

We wish our Peace Societies from their ample funds might offer prizes for the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of war, and our Humane Societies, from their funds as far as they can get them, prizes for the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the various subjects before described.

We must all remember that long articles and books which may interest us may have no interest whatever to the classes whom we wish to reach—and bear constantly in mind that the rabbit can never be cooked until we have caught the rabbit.

## OUR AUDIENCE.

The readers of "Our Dumb Animals" often find, mingled with the most serious thoughts, others which simply sparkle, having little more substance than the soap bubbles blown for the amusement of children.

This is part of a well-considered plan.

Dry essays and sermons, however good, when published alone, find few readers outside of those already interested in the subjects treated, while the condensed thoughts of essays and sermons woven into stories or mingled with other things lighter and more attractive may reach and influence tens and hundreds of thousands.

There is no paper in this country or the world that speaks like ours to an audience comprising nearly all the educated men of Massachusetts and the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America, north of Mexico. Fully realizing this fact we study to have in every number some things which will lead all who read a single number to carefully examine the next and the next. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF PUBLIC HEALTH AT CHICAGO.

We have been cordially invited to participate in the International Congress of Public Health to be held at Chicago on October 9-14.

We are very sorry that overwhelming home duties compel us to decline, and so say in the following article what we should be glad to say in person if we could attend that congress.

## A SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

If we were worth a million of dollars, we would organize in addition to the Societies we are already interested in, "A Society for the Protection of Public Health."

Like the Societies for the protection of dumb animals it should be supported by voluntary subscriptions and gifts, be entirely independent of city and state politics, and ready to attack the richest and most powerful men in the state, whenever they ought to be attacked.

It should employ chemists and microscopists whom nobody could bribe, should publish once a month and send to the editors of every newspaper in the state all facts pertaining to the public health which it should be able to discover, and should fearlessly denounce and prosecute all who ought to be denounced and prosecuted.

We know perfectly well the good work being done by our State and City Boards of Health, and the good men who hold positions on them, but we also know that it is absolutely impossible for them, with their limited appropriations, and dependence upon city and state politics, to do anything like the work which public health and public safety demand.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## MOSQUITOES.

It is rather late for Boston to publish the following, but not too late for some thousands of cities and towns to which our paper goes in the Southern States.

A correspondent of the *Indian Medical Record* writes: "I hardly get into bed when I hear the musical notes of my friends, the mosquitoes, buzzing around me. I pour three or four drops of oil of cloves on my pillow, which has the effect of instantaneously dispersing the blood-thirsty gang. I have tried this for several successive nights with equally felicitous results, and enjoyed perfectly undisturbed rest."



THE WHEAT HARVEST.

We are indebted to Robert S. Bradley, Esq., of Boston, for this beautiful cut.

## BECAUSE THEY HELP OUR WORK.

We take pleasure in publishing, as samples of hundreds, possibly thousands of letters received at our offices, extracts from two received this morning:—

(1) "Your paper is just wonderful and far-reaching in its influence. I have known whole families converted to the cause of humanity and kindness by reading a single number. I have just finished reading the August number, and cannot forbear saying your short article on 'The Labor Question' is the best thing on the subject I ever read from any pen."  
A. E. MCINTYRE.

(2) "Mr. Angell, I cannot thank you enough for what you are doing for our dumb friends. You are doing a magnificent work, and wielding an influence that will be felt long after your earthly life is ended. You shall have my best wishes and prayers for your success. God bless you!"  
MRS. A. LOCKE.

## INSOMNIA, ELECTRICS, ETC.

Many people think they can sleep better when their beds head to the north—others when to the west.

We think we can sleep better on a canvas bed or a woven wire than on spiral springs. We sometimes wonder whether these modern metallic spring beds may not have something to do with the alleged increase of insomnia. Can any one tell us?

"No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion."

JOHN RUSKIN.

## "THE SOUTH" AND ITS EDITOR.

We are pleased on this September 14th to receive from Mr. O. A. Clough, editor of "The South," published in New York city, a letter containing the following:

"The work to which you are devoted I consider the noblest that can engage the efforts of a human being," etc., etc.

Also enclosed in the letter is an editorial, from which we take the following:

"A primary and by far the grandest work of Mr. Angell is that of educating children in these human views. He has organized 'Bands of Mercy' in all parts of the country, and has thus planted seed which will spring up and bear fruit through all coming time. He is more than a philanthropist, for while his benign offices are extended to the poor, the weak and the friendless of the human family, his efforts include all living things. A life devoted to a work so noble as this finds its reward in that serene and exalted consciousness which kindly deeds inspire, and in the mute and pathetic gratitude of millions of God's creatures whose lives have been illuminated by its merciful ministrations. In offering this grateful tribute we are moved by that deep sympathy which his words have done so much to awaken, and by the hope that we may aid in some small measure in cheering his onward course. And in thus uttering our sentiments we are expressing those of thousands who have been led into sympathetic relations with him from reading the pure and ennobling teachings of 'Our Dumb Animals.'"

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.—A Frenchman of some literary distinction, after studying English for a few months, wrote to an American friend, "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on to the scaffold to lecture."—*Tennessee Methodist*.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER HAS BEEN SENT TO THE PRESIDENTS OF ALL AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

MY DEAR SIR:

The letter which in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society" I wrote you a few months since—and the humane publications I sent to all of you and to all your university and college libraries, and the offer of \$700 by the above-named Society in prizes to all American Students for the best essays on "*The importance of humane education in our higher institutions of learning, and the best practical plans of introducing it,*" have resulted in the following awards by one of the ablest Committees that could be selected:

#### FIRST SERIES.

First prize, \$200, to W. H. Short, of Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.

Second prize, \$150, to Wm. M. Jack, of the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.

Third prize, \$100, to Lauro G. McConachie, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Fourth prize, \$50, to J. F. Stapleton, Jr., of Harvard University.

#### SECOND SERIES.

First prize, \$100, to Herman F. Hegner, of Chicago Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill.

Second prize, \$60, to Lauro G. McConachie, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Third prize, \$40, to A. F. Babbs, of Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

From a careful examination of these essays I am led to the conclusion that *practical plans* of introducing humane education into our higher institutions of learning are:

*First.* To form in them "*Humane Leagues,*" the object of which shall be to *gather information and discuss humane plans for the prevention of foreign and civil wars, riots, conflicts between capital and labor, crimes of violence, the protection of the poor and unfortunate, the prevention of cruelty both to human beings and dumb animals, the distribution of humane literature and the promotion of a humane education of all classes, young and old.*

*Second.* To establish in our universities and colleges "*Departments or Professorships of Social Science and Humanity,*" the object of which shall be to instruct the students by lectures and otherwise in regard to all the above and kindred subjects, and impress upon them *their importance to the future of our country and the world.*

These conclusions lead me to offer in behalf of our "*American Humane Education Society*" a prize of \$1000 to the first leading College or University which will establish in accordance with our plans such a *Department or Professorship.*

Will you please kindly consider and bring before your Faculty for discussion this proposition, also carefully consider and submit to them, if you think proper, the following thoughts:

#### THOUGHTS.

The university or college sends out a doctor with a knowledge of drugs and medicines to hold in his hands the lives, health and happiness of human beings.

*Is it not important that he should be also humane?*

It sends out a lawyer to practise his profession for good or evil; a law-maker to make laws; a judge to administer them; a capitalist to employ hundreds, perhaps thousands of poorer people.

*Is it not important that all these should be humane?*

Ought it not to be the aim of every college and university to send out every graduate a better and more humane man than when he entered?

And how is this to be accomplished?

Where can the great questions of peace and war, upon which the happiness of millions depend, be more profitably discussed than in our colleges and universities;—the questions of capital and labor;—how best to prevent anarchy, riots, and great destruction of property and life;—the great questions of poverty and crime—how best to deal with them;—the wise administration of our great charities for the prevention of cruelty to the sick, the insane, and all who are dependent on charity?

Is there not a vast amount of information on all these subjects which it would be well for our country and the world that university and college students at their graduation should know?

Is there not also a most important field of humane thought in an investigation of the various plans of protecting public health and preventing preventable sickness, insanity and suffering, including in this the enormous sale in this country, especially to the poor, of poisonous and adulterated articles?

Then in regard to the claims of the lower animals to protection.

How many of our college or university students ever thought of the wonderful intelligence of many of the lower orders of creation—how many ever studied the evidences of their good as well as intellectual qualities?—how many know that Agassiz firmly believed in the immortality of some of them?—how many know the effects on public health of eating the flesh of animals that have suffered in transportation, slaughtering, or otherwise just before death?

How many know how public health may be improved by improving animal transportation by land and sea—by improving and making more merciful our methods of slaughtering—by preventing the confinement of milch cows in dark and unwholesome stables and feeding them on distillery slops and other improper food?

*How many know that the milk of the abused animal mother, like the milk of the abused human mother, may produce sickness and sometimes death?*

How many have ever properly considered the relation of birds to agriculture, and how much better it is to study them with an opera glass and kodak than with a gun?

*How many know the happiness that may come into all human lives by the universal teaching of kindness to the lower ones—that the boy who has no proper home influences may be made a merciful man and good citizen by the constant practice of kindness to the lower creatures, and that it has been proved in numerous schools of various nations that those taught to be doing kind acts daily to the lower races—feeding the birds, patting the horses, talking kindly to all sensitive creatures, etc., become in all the relations of life better men and women?*

Where else can these things be better taught than in our colleges and universities?

When in 1878 I asked President Hayes at Washington to put into his message to Congress what I had written on the transportation of animals, he answered: "*When I was in Harvard University I heard a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hedge on the immortality of animals, which I have never forgotten to this day. What you have written shall go into my message.*" And it did, almost verbatim.

When in the winter of 1884 and 1885 I addressed the students of a New Orleans univer-

sity, a gentleman rose at the close and said: "*Ten years ago I was a student in Dartmouth College when Mr. Angell came there and addressed the students on the importance of kindness to dumb animals. I had never thought of the subject before, but when I left college there was no one thought more strongly impressed upon my mind than the duty of kindness to the lower animals.*"

The gentleman was then the assistant superintendent, and has since been superintendent of the public schools of Minneapolis.

If such results can come to only *two* students from listening to a single sermon and talk on *one* subject, what may we not hope when the *seventy thousand* students now in our American colleges and universities are as *thoroughly* educated in regard to all humane subjects as they are in regard to other matters?

I am sure no thoughtful man connected with any of our American colleges or universities can carefully consider this subject without feeling that a Department or Professorship of Social Science and Humanity in our larger institutions, and courses of lectures in our smaller, are quite as important to the future of our nation and the world as anything now taught.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

*President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.*

#### THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

BY BLISS CARMAN, in Boston Pilot.

Out through the hills of midnight,  
Hurling and thundering on,  
The night express from the outer world  
Speeds for the open of dawn.

Out of the past and gloom-wrack,  
Out of the dim and yore,  
Freighted as train or caravan  
Was never freighted before:

Built when the Sphinx's query  
Was new on the lips of peace;  
Hurled through the aching and hollow years  
Till time shall have release;  
Stealing and swift as a shadow,  
Sinuous, urging and blind,  
Unpent as a joy or the flight of a bird,  
With oblivion behind;  
Down to the morrow country,  
Into the unknown land!  
And the Driver grips the throttle-bar;  
Our lives are in His hand.

\* \* \* \* \*  
His wreckers, grinning and lean,  
Are lurking at every curve;  
And the Driver plays with the throttle-bar;  
He has the iron nerve.

We pant up the climbing grade,  
And coast on the tangent mile,  
While the Driver toys with the throttle-bar;  
And gathers the track in His smile.

The dreamer weary of dreams,  
The lover by love released,  
Stricken and whole, and eager and sad,  
Beauty and wail and priest,

All these adventure forth,  
Strangers tho' side by side,  
With the tramp of time in the roaring wheels,  
And haste in their shadowy stride.

The star that races the hills  
Shows yet the night is deep;  
But the Driver humors the throttle-bar;  
So, you and I may sleep.

For He of the sleepless hand  
Will drive till the night is done,—  
Will watch till morning springs from the sea,  
And the rails grow gold in the sun;

Then He will slow to a stop  
The tread of the driving-rod,  
When the night express rolls into the dawn;  
For the Driver's name is God.



## CARDINAL MANNING AND THE IRISHMAN.

Cardinal Manning met one day a very much intoxicated Irishman on the street, and stopping him gave him a little talk, saying:

"Patrick, you ought to join the temperance society. I have joined it."

"Perhaps your Riverence needed it," was the reply.

## THE COBB BROTHERS — CYRUS AND DARIUS.

The Cobb brothers — one, painter, the other, sculptor — as Boston people know, are twins and so nearly alike that it would puzzle a "Philadelphia lawyer" to tell which is which.

Going to our office a few mornings since, we met Cobb, the painter, who at the request of some of our friends has been making an oil painting of ourself, and agreed to call at his studio. An hour later we met him as we supposed again, but this time it was his brother.

It reminded us of a little story we recently read. The nurse had given a bath, as she supposed, to each of the little twin girls, Edith and Florence, and put them to bed. Some time after she heard them laughing, and going into the room asked the cause.

"We were laughing," said Florence, "because you gave Edith two baths and didn't give me any."

## A GOOD THING BY DR. JOHNSON.

The famous Dr. Johnson had so much bothered his London publisher, Andrew Millar, in the printing of his dictionary, that when it was finally completed, Mr. Millar wrote as follows:

"Mr. Andrew Millar's compliments to Dr. Johnson, and he thanks God that he is done with him."

To which came this reply: "Dr. Johnson is glad to know that Mr. Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

Another good story of Dr. Johnson is that, when he proposed matrimony to the lady who became his wife, she told him that she couldn't marry because one of her uncles had been hung, to which the doctor replied that he didn't know that any of his uncles had ever been hung, but that he had several who ought to have been.

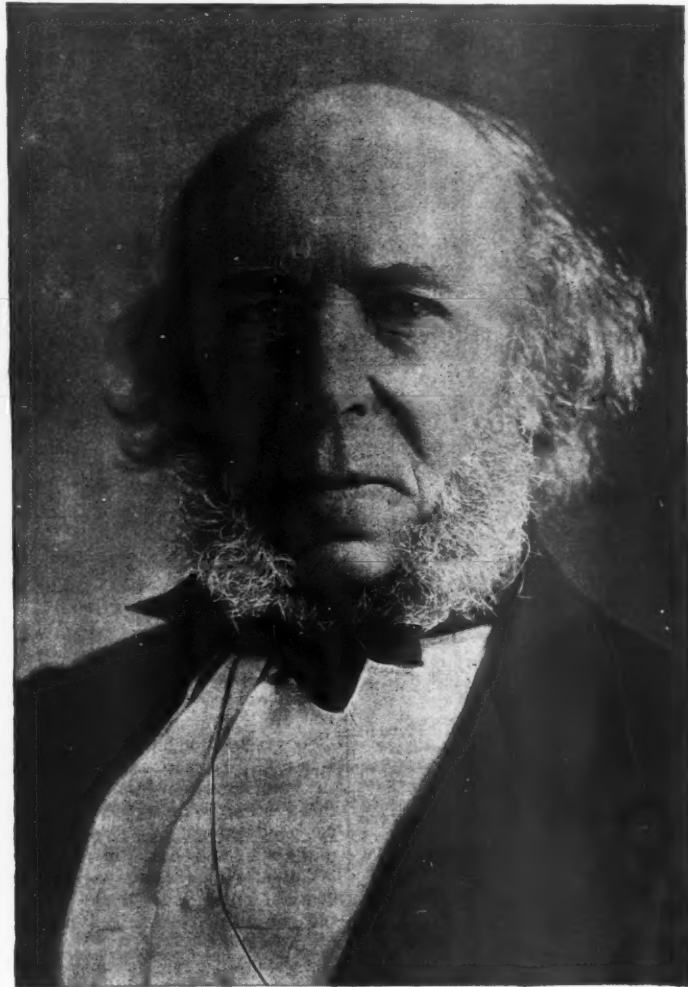
## THE GENEROSITY OF DUMAS.

A regiment of needy people sponged on Dumas (the elder) always. He could not listen to a tale of misery but he gave what he had, and sometimes left himself little for dinner. At "Monte Cristo" the gates were open to everybody but bailiffs. His dog asked other dogs to come and stay; twelve came, making thirteen in all. The old butler wanted to turn them adrift.

"Michel," he said, "there are some expenses which a man's social position and the character which he has had the ill-luck to receive from heaven force upon him. I don't believe that these dogs ruin me. Let them bide! But in the interest of their own good luck see that they are not thirteen—an unfortunate number!"

"Monsieur, I'll drive one of them away!"

"No, no, Michel; let a fourteenth come. These dogs cost me some three pounds a month," said Dumas. "A dinner to five or six friends would probably cost thrice as much money."



HERBERT SPENCER.

We are indebted to the "Engraver and Printer," 5 Park Square, Boston, for this striking cut.

## HERBERT SPENCER.

This English philosopher, whose thoughtful face portrays the force of his character and the clearness of his genius, was born in Derby, England, in 1820.

When a boy it was his delight to study the habits of birds and insects, and in fact, all outdoor life. His father and uncle were his only teachers. He was fortunate in this early training. Both were gentlemen of culture, and believed it to be of the greatest importance to foster originality and independence of thought in their pupil. They constantly sought to quicken and give scope to his inventive faculties. The ideas the boy then gained, of cause, law, and order, were never shaken.

If you have any doubts as to whether animals feel pain, watch the look of extreme suffering and hopeless woe upon the face of a poor half-starved, over-worked horse.

Does your horse shrink and shiver when you approach? Does your dog drop its tail between its legs and sneak away when it hears your voice? What kind of a man are you, anyhow?

## HERBERT SPENCER.

An event of unquestionable importance in the history of human thought — almost hidden from us by the busy life of these closing years of the 19th century — is the publication of what is practically the last volume of the most extensive and wide-reaching system of philosophy that ever issued from the brain of a single man. After the lapse of nearly forty years of devoted labor broken in upon from time to time by illness, but never permanently interrupted, Mr. Herbert Spencer, at the age of seventy-two, now crowns his "Synthetic Philosophy" with a scheme of scientific ethics which, for fulness of detail and completeness of application to the circumstances of the individual and of society, leaves nothing to be desired. The achievement is a notable one, from whatever point of view it is regarded, and Mr. Spencer will be congratulated on the completion of his task, as well by those who differ from him on the main points of his philosophy as by those who accept his system in its entirety. — *Boston Herald*, Sept. 3, 1893.

We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cockcrow of the morning.

## THEN AND NOW. THREE SCENES.

## SCENE ONE.

One of the most painful experiences of my life was when, long before the formation of our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, I stood on the piazza of a little country hotel in Windham County, Vermont, near Brattleboro.

A beautiful, gentle, high-spirited mare, which I was in the habit of driving, had been entrusted on this, which was one of the hottest days of the summer, to two young men, to be driven with great care a short distance.

The young men got drunk, and with yells and whippings, had driven the poor creature almost to death, and brought her to the front of the hotel covered with sweat and foam—so weak she could hardly stand—and with such a look of horror in her eyes as I never saw in the eyes of any human being.

It was only by working over her the entire night that her life was saved.

*There was no law to punish the men who did this fearful wrong, and they went unpunished.*

I never forgot this scene, and it was one of those that has led me to devote my life for over a quarter of a century to endeavors to protect dumb animals from cruelty.

## SCENE TWO.

In 1875, I visited Windham County again, and the result, as printed on page 45 of my *Autobiography*, reads as follows:

"At Brattleboro, Windham County, Vt., I engaged the town hall, agreeing to pay all expenses and for its use, and had notice given in the schools. The night of my lecture happened to be one of the hottest of the season. I went to the hall a quarter of an hour in advance and found it not lighted, only the janitor and half a dozen rough boys. 'Why don't you light the hall?' said I. 'Well, I thought I'd wait and see if anybody was coming,' said he. 'Coming!' said I; 'why, here's half a dozen boys already.' 'You ain't going to lecture to these boys, are you?' said he. 'Certainly I am,' said I, 'if nobody else comes. One of them may be governor of Vermont one of these days, for aught I know.' So he lit the hall, and gradually some hundreds gathered; and now they have a society in Brattleboro, Vt., for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

## SCENE THREE.

## Two-hundred-dollar Fine and a Year's Imprisonment.

From a two and a half column account in the *Vermont Phoenix* (Brattleboro), of August 4, 1893, I cut the following:

Patrick Lynch drove and beathis horse so severely Wednesday that the animal fell exhausted, and died in great agony.

*The facts are so revolting that their recital has caused many an eye to fill with tears, and angry denunciations have been general.* Indeed, so great was the indignation Wednesday night that a band of men at one time contemplated a visit to Mr. Lynch's house, but fortunately the advice of cooler heads prevailed.

As soon as the facts became known steps were taken by *The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, and officers Gordon and Turner arrested Lynch at his home on Green Street during the evening. Lynch was brought before Justice Newton and gave bail in the sum of \$500 for his appearance in court Thursday morning. The hearing was set at 9 o'clock, but before the time a crowd of one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty people gathered in the town hall. The trial hearing began at 9.45 before Justice Newton. The room was filled with spectators, and many were unable to gain admittance.

Witnesses were examined and arguments made by the lawyers, and Justice Newton, after a few moments of silence, said he could not conceive a worse crime of its kind or a worse state of things in the treatment of a dumb animal than had been shown by the testimony given in this case. The legislature has

made this law, and handed it down to us to be executed. He had never known anything in this community which called more plainly for the imposition of the full penalty of the law.

He then sentenced Patrick Lynch to imprisonment for one year, and to pay a fine of \$200. "Fiat Justicia, Ruat Cælum!"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## ANCESTORS.

A lady told us one day that she was descended from a *Prince of Wales*. She was a lady weighing nearly 200 pounds, and we thought at first that she might be joking and had intended to say that she descended from the *Prince of Wales*.

We are inclined to think that any man or woman who can find his or her ancestors for two generations back honest men and women had better not search farther.

But if any of our readers care to go farther, please multiply and see how many ancestors you had twenty generations back, and then thirty.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## LEAD POISON AND GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.

We could fill a long article with cases of lead poisoning that have come to our knowledge from lead water pipes, lead-lined water tanks, lead in tin cans, lead in cooking wares, etc., etc.

Galvanized iron pipes are coming into extensive use. We were told some years since by the President of our State Agricultural College that when he brought the water for the College fish pond through galvanized iron pipe, the fish died and he was compelled to change the pipe. We have seen in various medical journals evidence of its injurious effects. We are told that the galvanized coating is gradually eaten off by the water.

We stopped a few days sometime since at a summer hotel where the water was forced by a ram nearly half a mile up a hill through galvanized iron pipe, and were sick every day we were there.

It is a matter which ought to be carefully investigated, and if the pipe is found dangerous it should not be used.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE DAY OF GOD.

Thy kingdom come,—on bended knee  
The passing ages pray,  
And faithful souls have yearned to see  
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night  
Not less to God belong,  
And for the everlasting Right  
The silent stars are strong.

And, lo! already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near,—

The day in whose clear shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed,  
When justice shall be throned in might,  
And every hurt be healed;

When Knowledge hand-in-hand with Peace  
Shall walk the earth abroad,—  
The day of perfect righteousness,  
The promised day of God!

F. L. HOSMER.

The little daughter of a Western preacher circulated it all around the neighborhood that her papa had been made "a doctor of vanity."

## OUR UNITED STATES STANDING ARMY.

We see by the morning papers that, through the financial stringency and the throwing of so many laboring men out of employment, our standing army is being rapidly filled to its full quota.

As we have said many times, whenever our Roman Catholic and Protestant Christian churches undertake to do their full duty to God and man in the prevention of wars, through sermons in all their pulpits, prayers in all the churches, great union prayer meetings of all the Protestant churches in every city and town, petitions signed by all Protestant and Catholic clergy and church members for settlement by arbitration; whenever Christian churches undertake to do their duty in this respect, no monarch or politician will dare to oppose them, and there will be no more wars between Christian nations.

But with the vast multitudes of ignorant immigrants from the poorer classes of Europe now pouring into our country, there must be for many years the necessity of a standing army to aid the police in the protection of property and life. So long as this is true, it is and will be of the utmost importance that this army should be composed of men well paid, well treated and properly educated to the importance for the poor as well as the rich, that public order shall be maintained, the laws enforced, and anarchy promptly suppressed.

An army composed of poor men who are compelled to join because they can obtain no other employment, if not properly educated, may prove a source of danger rather than strength.

Therefore, we suggest to the about ten thousand editors who will receive this paper, a consideration of the importance of humanely and properly educating the men who enlist in our standing army.

## A HINT TO HOTEL LANDLORDS.

Some years ago we took the cars for New Hampshire early in the season to look up a place where with our good wife we could pass a summer vacation, and stopping at Wolfboro, went to the largest hotel and described to the young man who held the position of clerk the kind of room, looking out on the lake, we wanted. The young man evidently determined that, as we were travelling alone, we could have no such room.

Result (1): After sending us to two rooms we had not described, he remarked that we seemed to be very particular, to which we assented.

Result (2): We went to another hotel, secured just such rooms as we wanted, sent for our wife, and spent a considerable part of our vacation and money there.

Result (3): On our return from the mountains, crossing the lake with a party of some twelve or more friends, all of whom were going to the first-named hotel, they on finding we were going to the other one decided to go with us, and some of them remained several days.

Result (4): Hotel number one lost, and hotel number two probably gained, about two hundred dollars.

What brings this to mind, a few days since while suffering with the asthma, we ran up again to New Hampshire and coming to the new hotel at Claremont prepared to dine. The clerk here was a different kind of man. All our inquiries were answered with the utmost politeness. "Could we have a sunny room?" "Certainly." "Could we have a wood fire all night?" "Certainly." "Could we have a cot bed, extra pillows, blankets, etc.?" "Certainly." So finding an excellent table and attendance, we passed the night in great comfort and for the benefit of the hotel give it without charge this notice.

## IN THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

In the New York *Review of Reviews* we find a fine cut of David A. Wells. It reminds us of a trip we took with him many years ago from Chicago to Indianapolis. Mr. Wells wanted to talk, but a small boy in a neighboring seat, blowing a five-cent harmonicon, made discord and greatly annoyed Mr. Wells. We thought we saw a way out of the trouble, and so leaning over, asked the small boy to let us look at his wonderful instrument. Finding it cost him only five cents we, greatly to his delight, bought it for ten cents and soon after quietly dropped it out of the car window.

It was a good investment, and the suggestion may be a useful one to some of our readers.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

When you receive a favor, never forget it.



## AUTUMN'S FAREWELL DANCE.

One bright Autumn day there was an universal rustle among the leaves and blossoms and feathery brown grasses that grew by the brook. There seemed, too, an unusual stir among the crickets and grasshoppers. What could it be that had set them to tuning their little fiddles so vigorously? The Southwest wind knew. Since every morning he had flown about whispering a message to the birds, the bees and every living thing out of doors. This is the message he brought them:—

"Mrs. Autumn invites you to a party to be given for our friends, the birds, who are soon to go South for the Winter. The party will be given at Mrs. Autumn's country place, 'Out of Doors.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Autumn, to her friends, "Spring gave the Birdies' Ball, and Summer has been made very happy by their songs. It will be a pleasure to me to give them a farewell dance."

Mrs. Autumn's daughters, September, October and November, were to decorate the house for the party. Lovely September brought sheaves of golden grain, plumes of nodding golden-rod and yellow corn.

"Oh, how beautiful, September!" cried October, coming in with her arms full of purple grapes and trailing crimson vines and scarlet leaves. Then, when November had added delicate brown grasses and scarlet berries, the house was beautiful indeed.

"I must order a new gown for the party," said September. "My last year's gown was spoiled by the equinoctial storm." So she ordered one of yellow, trimmed with tassels of the Indian corn.

"I, too, must have a new one," said October. "For when November came last year, I lent her mine. How well she looked in it! Every one said she was the most charming November ever seen."

"Let me paint you a gown for the party, October," said little Jack Frost. "I know your favorite colors."

"Oh, thank you, Jack," said October. "You may, indeed." So, that night, when the world was asleep, the little artist worked; and in the morning there stood October in a gown of crimson and russet, all dashed with purple and orange. "Now, Jack, do paint one for November," said October. "Perhaps we can persuade her to wear gay colors again this year."

"With pleasure," said Jack. But when he looked in his paint-box he was so sorry. "Oh, November," he cried, "I've nothing left but brown and white."

"Never mind, Jack," said November. "Brown is my favorite color." So November's gown was of soft brown, trimmed with oak-leaves.

Soon the guests began to arrive. The Misses Popular came first, all in lovely yellow. They were followed by the Misses Maple in crimson and yellow, escorted by their brother, Mr. Swamp Maple in scarlet. The Beeches and Chestnuts were there in gay colors; the Oaks came in last in dull crimson and brown.

And what music there was for the dancing! High in a tree sat our old friend, Professor Wind, leading the band. The Crickets brought their violins. The Bumble-bees played the bass-viol, and the Wood-pecker the drum. Grasshopper Green was there with his "dozen wee boys" who were quite grown up by this time. They had changed their little green jackets for brown ones, and each carried his little fiddle under his wing.

The Katydid had been asked to entertain the guests by a story: *The story of Katy*. But before the time for story-telling came, a slight difference of opinion arose among them as to something Katy did or didn't do. And they became so interested in discussing the matter, that they forgot all about telling their story; not one word did they say all evening except "*Katy didn't! Katy did!*"

The birds flitted softly from spray to spray, saying good-bye to their friends. Their songs were not as loud and joyous as at the Birdies' Ball. Were they thinking of their empty nests? Were they thinking of the long journey before them? Yet, I know that not in the heart of one of them was a doubt that the Kind Friend who had always led them, would guide them over land and sea, and bring them safely back.

What a merry time the dancers had! Grandmother Spider said it made her feel quite young again to see them. Mr. Nutteracker frisking in and out of his hole, with his pockets full of nuts, said he would like to dance with them, but that this was his busiest season, and what would the little Nutterackers do next winter if he did not work!

As the party was given in honor of the birds, they were the first to thank Mrs. Autumn, and say farewell. "We thank you, too, dear trees," they said, "for the shelter from sun and rain. We thank you, dear Wind, for rocking our babies so gently. We thank you, dear Grasses, for your help in building



CAN'T YOU TALK?

our nests. And we thank you, dear Earth, for the food we have had in abundance."

Then they fluttered away like a soft, brown cloud, to sleep with their heads tucked under their wings, and to dream of their long journey. As for the other guests, I really can't say when they went home. For when I fell asleep that night, the Crickets were still playing their violins, and most of the Katydids agreed now that *Katy did*.—M. GERTRUDE FLYNN, Norwich, Conn.

## THE STEAMER SAVANNAH'S FELINE SAILOR "MASCOT."

New York, September 4, 1893. Grouped on the Fall River line pier at the foot of Warren Street this afternoon stood a party of twenty-three men, waiting for the Puritan to take them on to Boston. The central figure in the group,—a short, thick-set man, with bronzed face and grizzled mustache, stood erect, with arms folded over his broad chest. Upon the solid foundation thus made a white kitten nestled. The man and the kitten were the Boston contingent of the crew of the steamship City of Savannah, which was wrecked on Hunting Island, off the South Carolina coast, in last week's cyclone.

The seamen "swear by all that's holy" that the kitten is as good a seaman as any of them. He was only an ordinary ship's kitten before the last trip. Capt. Savage had named him *Mascot*, but that was his only claim to consideration. It is different now.

The story of the beaching of the City of Savannah, and the taking off of her crew by the City of Birmingham has been told, but nothing has been said of the kitten. "He's a wonder," said one of the men to-day. "Nobody thought of him in the rush, but *Mascot* 'got there.' He climbed the rigging in that gale like an old tar and hung on for hours. Not a bit frightened he wasn't, only he did 'caterwaul' when he got hungry. We gave him a biscuit wet with salt water, but he was accustomed to the best on board, and he wouldn't have it. He swallowed his pride afterward, though, and was glad to have salt 'hard tack.'"

"We were on board of the boat 50 hours after she struck before the sea was such that we could be taken off in boats. At night the captain ordered all the crew into the rigging, and made us stay there. We each took a piece of rope and lashed ourselves on to keep from falling off when asleep. That's what the captain said the string was for, but I never slept at all."

"The cat got along without any rope, and was there in the morning all right. When we got away, nearly crazy with thirst and so faint we could hardly climb down the 'Jacob's ladder' into the Birmingham's boats, that little fellow climbed out of his nest in the rigging and wanted to go too. We were glad to take him."—Boston Herald.

## "MY DOG BERNIE."

It was with great pleasure that we received on September 16 from our good friend the eminent writer of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the following beautiful little poem, written for "*Our Dumb Animals*," enclosed in a letter in which she says among other things: "You are doing a noble work."

## MY DOG BERNIE.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Cool and shady, though summer weather,  
Bernie and I tramp off together;  
Into the park, with its monarchs old,  
Oaks and chestnuts with tassels of gold,  
Purling streams and the voice of birds—  
A heaven of beauty too sweet for words.

Out into meadows a-bloom with clover,  
Bernie and I the wild world over  
Could tramp together in joy complete;  
Big and shaggy, and white and yellow,  
From the far off Alps, a noble fellow;  
No friend or lover more true or tried  
Than the brown-eyed creature who walks by  
my side,  
Or sleeps alert at my resting feet.

Better than gold is his love for me;  
Almost human in sympathy;  
Others may change or love me less,  
He is the same in deep distress  
As in days of pleasure; a willing slave,  
Trusting and guarding, as mild as brave;  
Bernie and I could tramp together  
Happy in cold or summer weather.

A teacher who was engaged in explaining the Darwinian theory to his class, observed that they were not paying proper attention.

"Boys," said the professor, "when I am endeavoring to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey I wish you would look straight at me."

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## New Bands of Mercy.

- 16604 Richmond, Ind.  
Lutheran S. School.  
I'll Try Band No. 2.  
P., Lena Heithink.  
16605 Golden Rule Band No. 2.  
P., Fred Klute.  
16606 Violet Band No. 2.  
P., Lillie Johnke.  
16607 Rosebud Band.  
P., Elma Bartel.  
16608 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Lillie Steen.  
16609 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Lillie Hausman.  
16610 Snowball Band No. 2.  
P., Ida Kinker.  
16611 Tuberose Band.  
P., Marie Freir.  
16612 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Sophico Roush.  
16613 Richmond, Ind.  
Mount Moriah Baptist S. S.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Jesse B. Lewis.  
16614 Lincoln Band.  
P., Daniel Turner.  
16615 Hope Band.  
P., Mary Paterson.  
16616 Star Band.  
P., Mary Wallace.  
16617 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Amanda Hayes.  
16618 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mattie Lewis.  
16619 Bethel A. M. E. S. School.  
Geo. Washington Band.  
P., James Foster.  
16620 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Townsend.  
16621 Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. Gowen.  
16622 Rose Band.  
P., Mrs. Utley.  
16623 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. Townsend.  
16624 I'll Try Band.  
P., T. C. Scott.  
16625 Pawtucket, R. I.  
Tennyson Band.  
P., Miss Mary Denby.  
16626 Jonestown, Pa.  
Jonestown Band.  
P., Jesse Lovelace.  
16627 Providence, R. I.  
Academy Ave. Band.  
P., Miss Estella Willard.  
16628 Clarksville, Ohio.  
Clarksville Band.  
P., Mrs. M. E. Smith.  
16629 Velzy P. O., Mich.  
Mercy Band.  
P., Orpha Rogers.  
16630 Oconto, N. Y.  
Stick to it Band.  
P., Miss Ella Alger.  
16631 N. Harpersfield, N. Y.  
Clover Band.  
P., Hubert Denny.  
16632 Richmond, Ind.  
First English Lutheran S. S.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., J. W. Kapp.  
16633 Neverfail Band.  
P., E. M. Haas.  
16634 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Wm. Turner.  
16635 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Lizzie Bentlage.  
16636 I'll Try Band.  
P., Lec Nusbaum.  
16637 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. C. A. Knollenberg.  
16638 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Mrs. J. W. Kapp.  
16639 Violet Band.  
P., C. A. Knollenberg.  
16640 Rose Band.  
P., H. W. Knollenberg.  
16641 Longfellow Band.  
P., Adam Bartel.  
16642 Pansy Band.  
P., Minnie Sherman.  
16643 Wide Awake Band.  
P., O. P. Nusbaum.  
16644 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Geo. Grottendick.  
16645 Mayflower Band.  
P., Ida Grottendick.  
16646 Tulip Band.  
P., Lillie Grothaus.  
16647 Snowball Band.  
P., Belle Black.  
16648 Lilac Band.  
P., Edna Kim.  
16649 Daisy Band.  
P., Mrs. Nixon.  
16650 Hope Band.  
P., Mrs. Seikman.  
16651 Star Band.  
P., Mrs. Seiker.
- 16652 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Mrs. Eggemier.  
16653 Buttercup Band.  
P., Anna Sherman.  
16654 Morning Glory Band.  
P., Mrs. Bartel.  
16655 Tuberose Band.  
P., Mrs. Nusbaum.  
16656 Lutheran S. School.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., J. J. Beck.  
16657 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Laura Eggemeyer.  
16658 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mrs. Beck.  
16659 Hope Band.  
P., Laura Kochring.  
16660 Star Band.  
P., Ida Hasecosler.  
16661 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mary Sudhoff.  
16662 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Mr. Deuker.  
16663 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. Deuker.  
16664 Rose Band.  
P., Mrs. Engleman.  
16665 Lily Band.  
P., Miss Greiner.  
16666 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Knollenberg.  
16667 Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. Snyder.  
16668 A. M. E. S. School.  
Geo. Washington Band.  
P., S. W. Hunter.  
16669 Lincoln Band.  
P., Mrs. Ortis.  
16670 Golden Rule Band.  
P., T. H. Johnson.  
16671 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Dallas Polk.  
16672 I'll Try Band.  
P., Anna Young.  
16673 Neverfail Band.  
P., J. E. Ortis.  
16674 Duareith, Ind.  
Friends S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., L. H. Johnson.  
16675 I'll Try Band.  
P., Odessie Bell.  
16676 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. Hays.  
16677 Hope Band.  
P., J. F. Watson.  
16678 Neverfail Band.  
P., Nat. Vickery.  
16679 Helping Hand Band.  
P., John Cude.  
16680 Ogden, Ind.  
Methodist S. S.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., Thomas Dawson.  
16681 Pansy Band.  
P., Jessie Berry.  
16682 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. L. E. Hudelson.  
16683 Daisy Band.  
P., Mrs. M. E. Suits.  
16684 Rose Band.  
P., U. L. Wilson.  
16685 Violet Band.  
P., Susan McClammer.  
16686 Golden Rule Band.  
P., A. E. Byrket.  
16687 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mrs. Fanny Haugh.  
16688 Center, Ind.  
Christian S. School.  
Hope Band.  
P., W. J. Newhouse.  
16689 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mr. Treadway.  
16690 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mr. Davis.  
16691 Neverfail Band.  
P., Mr. McBride.  
16692 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Wm. Rhoades.  
16693 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss Banks.  
16694 Wooster, N. Y.  
Pansy Band.  
P., Elda Waterman.  
16695 Hubbard, Ohio.  
American Band.  
P., Mary O. Johnstone.  
16696 Leicester, Vt.  
Leicester Band.  
P., Lucy H. Hitchcock.  
16697 Richmond, Ind.  
St. Paul's Episcopal S. S.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., Miss Van Dusen.  
16698 Golden Rule Band.  
P., J. E. Cathell.  
16699 Rose Band.  
P., S. A. Mott.  
16700 Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. H. E. Robinson.  
16701 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Cathell.
- 16702 Mayflower Band.  
P., Mrs. F. Edmunds.  
16703 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Williams.  
16704 Daisy Band.  
P., Mrs. Laish.  
16705 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Miss N. Edmunds.  
16706 I'll Try Band.  
P., Ray Robinson.  
16707 Neverfail Band.  
P., Miss Poe.  
16708 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss Cornelia Ellis.  
16709 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mr. Craighead.  
16710 Rosebud Band.  
P., Mrs. Anna Jackson.  
16711 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Miss Mary Wiggins.  
16712 Hope Band.  
P., Mrs. Gregg.  
16713 34th St. Methodist S. S.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., S. H. Jones.  
16714 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Mr. Carman.  
16715 Lincoln Band.  
P., Mr. Dorsey.  
16716 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Mrs. Swartzel.  
16717 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Miss Stabler.  
16718 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mrs. Jackson.  
16719 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. Uthank.  
16720 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Riggsby.  
16721 Rose Band.  
P., Mrs. Hornaday.  
16722 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. Warner.  
16723 N. "A" Friends First Day  
School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Frances M. Robinson.  
16724 Hope Band.  
P., Alice Winder.  
16725 Star Band.  
P., Pearl Green.  
16726 Lily Band.  
P., Etta Mathews.  
16727 Violet Band.  
P., Laura Moore.  
16728 Rose Band.  
P., Lydia Morris.  
16729 Pansy Band.  
P., Edna Boone.  
16730 Longfellow Band.  
P., Sampson Boone.  
16731 J. G. Whittier Band.  
P., Wm. Starr.  
16732 United Presbyter'n S. School.  
Hope Band.  
P., B. B. Myrick, Jr.  
16733 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Rev. Gilchrist.  
16734 Violet Band.  
P., Miss Marlatt.  
16735 Rose Band.  
P., Miss Bolander.  
16736 Lily Band.  
P., Miss Maxwell.  
16737 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Miss Jones.  
16738 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Braditt.  
16739 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Hammond.  
16740 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Mrs. Hopping.  
16741 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mrs. Little.  
16742 Star Band.  
P., Layton Myrick.  
16743 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Mrs. Mott.  
16744 Neverfail Band.  
P., Geo. Ballinger.  
16745 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Miss Myrick.  
16746 Mayflower Band.  
P., Miss Hastings.  
16747 Herkimer, N. Y.  
True Blue Band.  
P., Ida Brook.  
16748 Cold Brook, N. Y.  
Truthful Band.  
P., Lula Debble.  
16749 Cold Brook, N. Y.  
Earnest Workers Band.  
P., Reba Kelley.  
16750 Poland, N. Y.  
Merciful Band.  
P., Julia E. Trask.  
16751 Warrington, Fla.  
Magnolia Band.  
P., Augusta Oerting.  
16752 Wasco, Oregon.  
Wasco Band.  
P., Mrs. T. J. Robnett.
- 16753 Troy, Me.  
Good Will Band.  
P., Mrs. S. L. Rogers.  
16754 Roxbury, Mass.  
Roxbury Band.  
P., Charles E. LeBuff.  
16755 Milton, Ind.  
Sunday Schools.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., F. M. Jones.  
16756 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Homer Newman.  
16757 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. H. L. Jones.  
16758 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mrs. F. M. Jones.  
16759 Neverfail Band.  
P., Charles Calloway.  
16760 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Lewis Kimmel.  
16761 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Mrs. Davenport.  
16762 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mrs. E. C. Wells.  
16763 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. D. H. Warren.  
16764 Rose Band.  
P., Mrs. George Moore.  
16765 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. F. Ferguson.  
16766 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Witmer.  
16767 Tulip Band.  
P., Mrs. Alice Gresh.  
16768 Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. R. Sills.  
16769 Methodist S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., L. D. Roark.  
16770 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mr. Sharp.  
16771 Neverfail Band.  
P., Z. B. Plummer.  
16772 I'll Try Band.  
P., H. Armstrong.  
16773 Pansy Band.  
P., Rebecca Wyke.  
16774 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Armstrong.  
16775 Rose Band.  
P., Miss Newman.  
16776 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss St. Clair.  
16777 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss Brown.  
16778 Hope Band.  
P., Miss Michael.  
16779 Friends S. School.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., Calch Morris.  
16780 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Wm. J. Rothermer.  
16781 Hope Band.  
P., Mrs. Rothermer.  
16782 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Emma Frazer.  
16783 I'll Try Band.  
P., Anna Brewer.  
16784 Neverfail Band.  
P., Eliza A. Gresh.  
16785 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Charles Fraze.  
16786 Richmond, Ind.  
Christian S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mr. Reed.  
16787 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mr. Webb.  
16788 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Miss Burr.  
16789 Hope Band.  
P., Mrs. Howe.  
16790 Star Band.  
P., Mrs. Childers.  
16791 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mrs. Burr.  
16792 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. More.  
16793 Mayflower Band.  
P., Mrs. Webb.  
16794 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. West.  
16795 Farmington, Me.  
Farmington Band.  
P., Helen B. C. Beedy.  
16796 Berkeley, Cal.  
Grand View Band.  
P., K. Boyd.  
16797 Windsor, P. Q.  
North Hill Band.  
P., Miss C. M. Campbell.  
16798 Tiffany, N. D.  
Tiffany Band.  
P., Grace B. Putnam.  
16799 Athens, Ohio.  
Fowler's Reward Band.  
P., Ida Helen Douth.  
16800 S. Boston, Mass.  
S. Boston Band.  
P., Harry Bishop.  
16801 Woodstock, Vt.  
Fida Powell Band.  
P., Eva L. Tarbox.
- 16802 Hartney, Manitoba.  
Whitewater Band.  
P., May Heritage.  
16803 Holly Beach, N. J.  
Holly Band.  
P., J. L. Osborne.  
16804 Seneca, Kansas.  
Willing Workers Band.  
P., Miss Mary Benedict.  
16805 Lookout Band.  
P., Miss Bessie Kenard.  
16806 White Ribbon Band.  
P., Mrs. Mary Bergen.  
16807 West Indianapolis, Ind.  
Trinity M. E. S. School.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., J. F. Feclmyer.  
16808 Lily Band.  
P., Mr. Bell.  
16809 Rose Band.  
P., Mr. Bennington.  
16810 Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. Alexander.  
16811 Mayflower Band.  
P., Mrs. Bennington.  
16812 Tulip Band.  
P., Mrs. Leachman.  
16813 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Mrs. Smith.  
16814 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. Bell.  
16815 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Jenkins.  
16816 Hope Band.  
P., Miss Sadie Jennings.  
16817 Star Band.  
P., Miss Hattie Jennings.  
16818 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss Collins.  
16819 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mr. Wood.  
16820 Pilgrim Cong. S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., H. R. Ellis.  
16821 I'll Try Band.  
P., D. E. Traverse.  
16822 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Smith.  
16823 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Dennis.  
16824 Buttercup Band.  
P., Miss Man.  
16825 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Miss Coleman.  
16826 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Calope.  
16827 Williams St. M. E. S. School.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., A. J. Bailey.  
16828 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Totten.  
16829 Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. Poffenberger.  
16830 Rose Band.  
P., Mrs. Taylor.  
16831 Tulip Band.  
P., Mrs. Mochell.  
16832 Mayflower Band.  
P., Mrs. Crull.  
16833 I'll Try Band.  
P., Frank Bailey.  
16834 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Reischer.  
16835 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Witte.  
16836 Hope Band.  
P., Miss Overman.  
16837 Neverfail Band.  
P., Mr. Armstrong.  
16838 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mr. Mount.  
16839 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mr. Power.  
16840 Star Band.  
P., Mrs. Mount.  
16841 Friends S. S.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., B. F. Morgan.  
16842 Longfellow Band.  
P., Clark Brown.  
16843 J. G. Whittier Band.  
P., Joseph Allen.  
16844 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Miss Small.  
16845 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mrs. Sweeney.  
16846 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Blank.  
16847 Rockland, Mass.  
Caesar Band.  
P., P. N. Bowler.

Cows are not to be blamed for giving blue milk when they get the blues on account of the inhuman treatment they receive from their owners.

## THE BOB-TAIL ARISTOCRACY.

We are sending out thousands of copies of our large placard showing the photographs of twenty-three members of Polo Clubs, mounted on their mutilated horses, with our offer of \$250 for evidence which will enable us to convict a member of either of these clubs of a criminal violation of the law of Massachusetts.

We have sent them among others to the editors of all Massachusetts papers and magazines, and are rejoiced to see the editorials published by them and sent to our offices.

*The Boston Pilot* calls them "rich and brainless criminals," and says, "the sending of one of them to jail will be a triumph of humanity."

We shall pay \$250 with pleasure to secure the first conviction, and we shall ask the Court not to inflict a fine, one-half of which would come to our Society, but to punish by imprisonment.

Persons wishing paper copies of the placard can obtain them without charge by writing us, and persons wishing the large cardboard placards can have them without charge by sending us 10 cents in postage stamps or otherwise to pay what we have to pay the express company for carrying one to six placards. They are too large to be sent by mail.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR BOB-TAIL ARISTOCRACY AGAIN.

We are told that our Bob-tail Aristocracy laugh at our humble endeavors to prevent them from violating our Massachusetts law.

Well—we have read in this morning's paper that the "British House of Lords" laughed at Gladstone and "The House of Commons," but the time may come when the people of England will wipe out the "House of Lords," and the time may come sooner than they now think when we may wipe out from Massachusetts and perhaps the whole country this cruel life-mutilation of their horses by our Bob-tail Aristocracy.

## BOB-TAIL ARISTOCRACY AGAIN.

We shall not be surprised if the time is not far distant when, not only all our "Band of Mercy" members, but every school-boy in Massachusetts will be ready to say whenever he sees any owner riding or driving one of these poor mutilated animals,

"There goes the 'Bob-tail Aristocracy!'"

## WHAT BECOMES OF THE POLO PONIES.

Under this head we had an article in August "Our Dumb Animals," asking whether the rich owners of these ponies, when they got through with them in the Fall, were in the habit of causing them to be mercifully shot, or whether they sold them for a small sum, to be tormented by insects every summer during the rest of their mutilated lives.

We find the question answered in the Boston "Daily Evening Transcript," of August 19th, which states that about thirty of these ponies from the stables at Beverly Farms and elsewhere were sold at auction at the sale stables of Isburgh & Co. on East Street that morning, and that the prices were low, usually starting at about \$15 or \$20 and sometimes reaching \$50.

In reflecting upon the conduct of these rich men in mutilating these horses for life, and after using them for their amusement for a few weeks, selling them for these small sums to be tormented by insects every summer during the

rest of their lives, we cannot find words to express our regret and indignation.

If some punishment does not come to these men in this world or the next, there is no such thing as justice.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## ACTION ON DOCKING BY THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

At the Essex County Convention of the W. C. T. U., held at Marblehead, August 30, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That we earnestly protest against the cruel custom of docking the tails of horses, and that we urgently request all women, especially the members of the W. C. T. U., to refuse to ride after horses so mutilated.

We expect that the great national organization of several hundred thousands Christian American women will pass a similar resolution.

## THE SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND DOCKING.

As many of our readers know, "The Golden Rule" is the organ of the thousands and perhaps tens of thousands of "Societies of Christian Endeavor," now extending over this whole country.

We are pleased on this September 16 to receive a request from its publishers to be furnished with our cuts showing the life mutilation of horses by docking, the object being to republish them in "The Golden Rule," and awaken public sentiment on the subject.

We are glad to furnish them, and ask the editor that "The Golden Rule Societies" will pass the same resolution passed the other day by the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," asking all members of these organizations to refuse to ride hereafter behind any such mutilated horse.

When, as we are planning, a million of our "Band of Mercy" members, and another million of "The Societies of Christian Endeavor" members, and several hundreds of thousands of the members of "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," not only refuse to ride themselves behind or on one of these mutilated horses, but also ask all their friends to do the same, we think we shall have taken a long step towards abolishing this cruel and barbarous practice, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout our entire country.

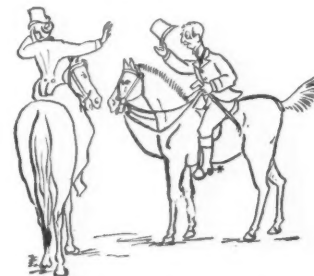
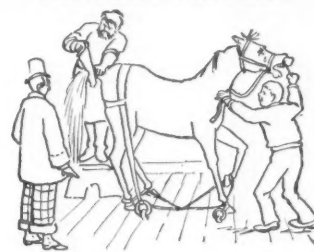
## A FRIEND OF THE HORSE.

(From Daily Herald, Fall River, Mass., Sept. 16.)

President Angell of the humane society has felt what it is to be discouraged by an unfriendly legislature, but he is the embodiment of good nature and patience. He has a mission, and in its execution he is faithful. Tail docking is especially objectionable in his sight, and for the purpose of arousing a public opinion which will enable him to obtain at the next session of our legislature a law that can be enforced, he has sent copies of placards to the editors of every paper in the State, and wants volunteers to aid him in posting them in public places. One of the placards contains a beautiful picture of a horse "As the Almighty made him," and the kodak pictures of twenty-two members of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard and Country clubs, each mounted on a horse presumed to be owned by him, which somebody has caused to be cruelly mutilated for life by depriving it of its tail.

As such legislation would not be of the nature of an interference with individual rights, and would prevent what is known to be a cruel act, the men who will represent Fall River in the general court next year ought to assist the philanthropist with their votes. A retroactive law, of course, would be objectionable. It is the future for which Mr. Angell desires to provide.

## MUTILATED FOR LIFE.



"The man who would practice such torture on a defenceless animal should be exposed to the attacks of insects with hands and legs confined and with no protection save his skin. We will warrant that one hour will so change his opinion of the beauty of a docked horse that he will ever after be a firm disciple of the society with a long name."—Winchendon Courier.

## WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are delighted to learn that in this delightful town, containing the summer homes of so many wealthy Bostonians, there is not a single horse mutilated for life by docking.

## LOOK AT THEIR FACES.

We ask our readers to look at the faces of these people who ride about our streets on or behind these dock-tailed, mutilated horses, and see how many kind, noble, generous, merciful, and happy faces they can find among them, and on the other hand, how many hard, cold, cruel, dissipated, scornful, and unhappy ones.

And let our readers consider how much of real happiness these poor, pitiable people get out of this life, and how much they are likely to get in the next.

## FATHER RYAN AND GENERAL BUTLER AND DOCKING.

We find in the Boston Pilot of September 16 that when General Butler was in charge of New Orleans one of his Catholic soldiers died, and it was reported to him that the poet-priest, Father Ryan, refused to read the burial service.

In a towering rage Butler sent for the priest and demanded to know why he refused the honors of the church to the deceased.

Father Ryan quietly said: "It is not true that I have refused to bury him. On the contrary it is the reverse of true, for it would give me great pleasure, General, to bury the whole lot of you."

Now we will not say to these men who, in violation of the law of Massachusetts, cause their horses to be cruelly mutilated for life, and then, when their summer's amusement is over, sell them for a few dollars, that we "should be glad to bury the whole lot of them;" but we will say that we do not believe the poor creatures they have caused to be so mutilated would mourn much if all of them were buried.



Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in August.  
Fines and witness fees, \$183.10.

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Total, \$210.40.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$148.70.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$5.03.

Total, \$79.67.

Publications sold, \$82.79.

Total, \$704.06.

By Treasurer, Bequest of Henry Thielburg, \$250.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in August.

A friend, \$200; Miss J. K. Hendrickson, \$1.

## And from sales of Black Beauty.

Miss A. B. Ludlow, 6.34; C. A. Mitchell, \$5; Miss Ann Hunt, \$17.82; John Wanamaker, \$5; Nashville Humane Society, \$30.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$27.07.

George T. Angell, editor of "Our Dumb Animals," Boston, Mass., has set his figures for one million copies by the close of 1886. We hope he'll get them. "Our Dumb Animals" deserves that circulation. — Fremont, (Ohio) Journal.

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## ONLY ONE SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

When, many years ago, we fought at the State House our great battle with several hundreds of the wealthy young men of Massachusetts, which resulted in driving out of our Commonwealth forever the brutal practice of shooting live pigeons from traps for sport, one of the three lawyers employed against us said that there were two sides to the question.

We answered that there were indeed two sides to the question—one side represented by the Governor of Massachusetts in our great Music Hall in the presence of an audience of about three thousand people distributing prizes to the children of our public schools for the best compositions on "Kindness to Animals," and the other by the cock fight, the dog fight, and the pigeon shoot.

We said that these gentlemen, although they might not realize it, were associated in their amusement with a class of men who, if they could get control of Massachusetts, would make real estate of no more value in Boston than it was in Sodom.

We have not heard from anyone that there are two sides to the question whether this same class of rich young men belonging to our Polo Clubs shall be permitted to violate the law of Massachusetts by mutilating their horses for life, and then after a few weeks sell them at auction for small prices, to suffer thereafter every summer as long as they live, tormented by flies and other insects.

What kind of hearts have these men, anyway?

And if they were more numerous should we not have reason to pray every night and morning, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

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